A Royal Flush.

Three sports got into a railroad car,
A railroad car, with a pack of cards;
They called "hear," "hyar," and "there" was "thar,"
And they always spoke to each other as "pards."
For sports there are, both good and poor,
Professional and amateur,
Where railroad trains are running.

They wanted a fourth at a poker hand,
Three were they, and they were one short.
And they asked a stranger if he'd the sand
To try a little game for sport.
For strangers there are where men abound
And you'll always find a stranger around
Where railroad trains are running.

The stranger didn't know the game,
But he was willing to live and learn;
To him the cards were all the same—
"They was to all at first, he'd hearn!"
And the sports laughed loud and dealt the pack,
And gave him four queens and a thick-legged Jack,
As they will when trains are running.

And then they bet on the poker hand,
And fattened the pot to a goodly pile,
And they asked the stranger if he would stand,
And the stranger stood, with a simple smile,
And one sport raised the other two,
And the stranger him, as strangers do
Where railroad trains are running.

And then in a solemn, breathless hush,
The three sports showed what they had got;
But aces won't beat a royal flush,
And the stranger gobbled that obese pot.
For strangers and sports are natural foes,
And the former carry cards in their clo'es,
Where railroad trains are running.

—Christian at Work.

UNDER APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

"For ever?" An expression of awe stole into Netta Trevanion's violet eyes as she raised them to the bronzed face bending so earnestly over her own.

"Yes, for ever," repeated Oscar Vere, holding her trembling hands in his close grasp. "For ever, or not at all."

"But—but—don't be angry," blushing to the curls on her forehead. "You might change—men do, you know; and what would become of me?"

"Child, this apple tree will turn into a palm, before my heart ever changes to you. Dearest, you must believe me."

And after one look into the honest brown eyes, her small head sank on his shoulder, and the last lingering doubt opened its wings and flew away.

Softly, one by one, the petals of the apple-blossom dropped on the girl's yellow hair; softly a brown thrush, on the bough of a wild rose, sang its song of joy to two happy hearts, lost in a dream of bliss. The song ceased, the sun sank, gray shadows crept slowly over the trees in the orchard; but the lovers missed neither sunshine nor song, and were blind to the clouds slowly gathering over their future.

There were tears in Netta's eyes, but smiles on her pretty lips, as she went swiftly over the dewy grass into the old ivy-covered porch of The Grange.

"What has happened?" said a cold, harsh voice, and a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Oh, I am so happy!" And forgetting everything but her wonderful piece of news, she flung her arms around her cousin's neck. "Etta, darling, he loves me!"

Etta's thin face colored like a sunset, and her lips drew close together; but Netta took it for granted that she must be glad, and did not wait for any congratulations.

Oscar Vere, on the contrary, was intensely surprised at his father's consenting to the match without any remonstrances, for the girl that he had chosen might say that her sweet face was her fortune, for she certainly had no other. Sir Edward, however, patted him on the arm in the kindest manner, sending him back to his regiment with his blessing, promising to arrange everything, and look after his bride in his absence.

Netta's letters were at first like constant gleams of sunshine in Captain Vere's daily life, but after awhile they became few and far between, and at last ceased entirely.

He was vexed, but he told himself that there could be no cause for anxiety, as his father assured him that his bride was looking the picture of health, and happiness had made her blossom into beauty. As if Venus herself could have been lovelier than his own golden-haired Netta!

As many of the officers were absent on leave, Captain Vere was kept at his post, fretting with impatience, like a chained dog. It was not till the day before the wedding, that he was able to get away, and then, just as he was starting for The Grange, Sir Edward laughingly interfered, telling him that Mrs. Trevanion had expressly stipulated that the bride should be left to her own relations, on the last day of her spinsterhood.

"Confound it, that's too bad," he cried impatiently. "Netta will be looking for me, I know she will."

Sir Edward was slightly deaf, and did not catch the words; but he pulled out some papers, and covered the table with legal documents, which his son had to sign, and kept him well occupied for the rest of the evening.

"It was kind of Mrs. Trevanion to have the breakfast at The Grange," said Oscar, as he paused to light his cigar.

"I don't see very well how she could help it," and Sir Edward raised his eyes in surprise; "but put all that out of your head for a moment, if you can, or else you will be signing some of these things in the wrong place."

"Beverly doesn't arrive till to-morrow."

"Beverly be hanged! Put your name here, and for heaven's sake don't make a mistake."

Oscar obeyed, writing his signature mechanically wherever he was told to put it; his thoughts straying to the morrow, when Netta's hand would lie in his, and her loving little heart be his own forever. Only a few hours now without her, thank heaven!

A cloudless morning, when Nature seemed to have put on her bravest garments to greet the wedding guests, as they streamed through the churchyard of Alverley, with the rustle of silks and satins, and a murmur of suppressed excitement.

The bridegroom was already at his post before the altar-rail, with Major Beverly, his best man, close beside him, whispering ill-timed chaffy remarks into ears that were deaf to everything but the tread of a soft foot on the tesselated pavement.

Her face closely veiled in Brussels-lace, long satin robes trailing far behind her, the bride came slowly up the aisle, leaning on her uncle's arm.

She took her place beside Oscar Vere, evidently trembling with emotion, whilst he looked down on the bent head, a mist before his eyes, a wild throbbing in his heart, as he thought that his prize was won.

He went through the service as in a dream, only startled into sudden consciousness when the clergyman said the words for him to repeat:

"I, Oscar, take thee, Henrietta." For the full name seemed so long and strange to him—never having thought of her as anything but Netta—his own little Netta.

The bride's responses were said so low that no one but the clergyman could hear them, and her hand shook so violently that the ring slipped on to the floor, before Oscar could put it on her finger. But at last it was over, and with a long-drawn sigh he rose from his knees to take his first kiss, knowing that nothing could part them now.

With reverent fingers he raised the lace veil, and stopped, an eager light in his eyes. The next moment he stepped back as if he had seen a ghost.

"Miss Trevanion!"

Sir Edward's hand was on his arm.

"My dear boy, are you mad?"

"Yes," he cried wildly, looking round with bewildered eyes. "There's some mistake—some horrible mistake!"

"Hush, for heaven's sake! Come into the vestry," said Colonel Trevanion hurriedly, as consternation spread from face to face, and the bride looked as if she would sink through the floor.

"But my wife!" gasped the bridegroom, striking his forehead with his hand. "Where is she? I—I—can't see her."

"Don't be a fool!" said Sir Edward sternly, though his heart was sinking with fear. "You must be mad!"

Captain Vere drew himself up to his full height, his face deathly pale, his lips quivering.

"Netta Trevanion is my wife! If this is a joke, I fail to see it."

"Oh, what is the meaning of it?" cried the mother, wringing her hands. "My poor child sha'n't stay here to be insulted. Come away! Come away!"

She tried to lead the bride into the vestry, and Colonel Trevanion grasped the bridegroom's arm.

"If there is a mistake, heaven help you, but Henrietta is your wife, and no one else."

Oscar looked from one to the other with distracted eyes; then, as he realized that he had been caught in a trap, out of which there was no way but death, that Netta was lost to him by his own act forever, something seemed to give way in heart or brain, and he fell with a heavy thud across the flowers and laces of the bride's train.

They lifted him up, and carried him to the vestry, while the guests slipped away in dismay and confusion. The bride was taken home by her mother, the bridegroom by his father, and the clergyman was left to ponder over the unsigned marriage-register.

"It must be signed!" he said, with a shake of his head; but when he went up to the Hall the next day to see about it, he was told that Captain Vere had left the evening before, and nobody knew his present address.

And where had Oscar gone?

Prone on her face, in the long lush-grass, lay Netta Trevanion, hidden away in the corner of a field, which belonged to Lady Morton, an old friend of her poor dead mother's. Henrietta, with many lies, and one improved forgery, had made her believe that her faithless lover had deserted her for the sake of her richer cousin, and, unable to bear the sight of the preparations for the wedding, she had fled to Devonshire, where she was welcomed with true affection.

As the weeks crawled by, her spirits sank lower and lower; but when the marriage day came, she made a valiant struggle with her depression, and laughed and talked so brightly that Lady Morton fondly hoped that the wound was cured. She invited an eligible young man to stay with her, and smiled with pleasure when she saw him fall head over ears in love with her young *protegee*. But when Lord Carew ventured to hint at a proposal, Netta broke away from him like a frightened deer, and, running as fast as she could through a little wood, threw herself on the grass in an out-of-the-way nook, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The mere thought of love brought back her pain in all its bitterness, and young as she was, she prayed to heaven to take her.

"Netta!"

That voice which she had never heard since they parted under the apple-blossoms. Was it a dream?

She started to her feet, and looked round with frightened eyes. The next moment she was clasped in a pair of strong arms, and pressed to a panting chest. One long, passionate kiss, and then she broke away from him, her breast heaving, her eyes flashing.

"Go," she said, pointing to the path through the wood; "you have no right to be here."

"No right?" asked Oscar hoarsely; "have you forgotten that day in the orchard?"

"No." Her lips trembled and her breath came fast. "You swore you would never change, and only three weeks later——"

"I never did—so help me heaven! It is all a base deception, darling; they've tried to part us, but they can't." He held out his hands in eager entreaty, but she drew back, though her throbbing heart bounded with joy.

"And you never married?" a new light in her eyes.

His lashes fell, his face clouded.

"Yes, I married;" then he added with a harsh laugh, "but we parted at the altar-rail, and I'll never look on her face again."

"And yet you come to me?" slowly, as if she did not understand.

"Of course I come to you; that marriage was a mockery, a wrong bride makes empty vows," and he held out his arms again, earnest longing in his handsome face

She drew back under the shade of an apple-tree, whose branches were drooping under the weight of its golden fruit, her face as pale as death, and her heart as cold as ice.

"Good-bye," she said very gently, we must never meet again."

"Netta, stay!" but she did not answer, as she slowly made her way through the long grass.

The victory was won, but not without a struggle, and her knees were shaking so that as soon as she was out of sight she was glad to sink down on the stump of a tree, her white face buried in her hands.

There was a step on the grass, a servant had followed him from the house; handing him a telegram, he withdrew without a word.

Wondering that any one had found out his address he tore it open.

"From Sir Edward Vere to Oscar Vere, The Firs, near Chudleigh, Devon. Your wife is dead—an overdose of chloral—you had better come home."

He stood like one dazed. Had the unhappy woman killed herself in disappointment at his desertion? Heaven forbid!

A few minutes later he stood before Netta Trevanion, his face pale and very grave.

"I am free," he said hoarsely. "There is nothing between us now."

She looked up in his face with startled eyes.

"Yes, darling, soon I shall come back to claim you for my own—my very own."

He stooped and kissed her hair, then went away, whilst she sat still and trembled, half ashamed of the joy with which her heart was almost bursting. Another's stolen bliss had made her misery, and now from the clouds of another's sorrow, broke the sunshine of her joy.

The Kind of Oil.

For a moment let us glance at the principal sources of animal and vegetable oil supply, ere the fountains of mineral oil were revealed for the use and comfort of the human family.

First and foremost, of course, ranked the fish oils—the well-known train (or drain) oil which drained from the blubber of the great Greenland whale—a large whale yielding fully thirty tons of blubber—each ton representing nearly 200 gallons of oil. Though the cachalot, or sperm-whale, could never rival the Greenland whale in the quantity of its contribution, it had at least the advantage of quality and variety, since besides ordinary blubber, it yields a large amount of sperm-oil, and also of spermaceti. Of the latter valuable product, the head alone often yields ten barrels.

Next among oil-yielding fish come the grampus, or dolphin, the porpoise, the shark, the seal, the cod, the herring and others.

Of animal fats are butter, tallow, lard, goose-grease, neat's-foot oil (prepared from the feet of oxen and used by curriers in dressing leather), and mare's grease (imported from Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, where a multitude of horses are annually slaughtered for the sake of their hides, tallow and bones!). In Russia, especially at Moscow, yolk-of-egg oil is in great repute for making soap and pomatum.

Vegetable oils form a very important item in our supplies, inasmuch as oil-seeds to the value of £5,500,000 are annually imported into Britain for crushing purposes, and our exports of oil are roughly valued at £1,600,000. The export of seed-oil from London, Hull and Liverpool, in 1880, was 14,508,000 gallons.

Under the head of seed-oils rank linseed, cotton-seed and castor oil. Colzo oil, also, is made from mustard, hemp, radish, grape, turnip, and other seeds. Then we have olive oil and almond oil. From India comes poppy-seed oil; from the Black Sea, oil of sunflower seeds. From Ceylon and the Pacific isles comes cocoanut oil. From Western Africa the palm-nut oil of the oil palm, and oil of ground nuts, for use in fine machinery. From Singapore and China we receive kokum oil and vegetable tallow. About 14,000 tons of croton oil are annually imported for the use of the wool-dressers of Britain.

Besides, these, so familiar to ourselves, almost every country has some specialty in oils. Thus, in Southern Russia, tobacco oil is largely used; in Italy, oil of grape stones; in China, oil of tea seed; in India, oil of nutmegs, of seed of the gamboge tree, of custard-apple seed, of cashew-nut, of cardamon, of meam, of margoza, and many others. Brazil, too, has a large number of oils, both animal and vegetable, peculiar to itself.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Where Free Love Reigns.

In the mountains that surround Port Jervis live a strange class of people. They live in log huts and board shanties, surrounded with filth. The men are wood-choppers, while the women and children make baskets and pick berries that are sold in the neighboring villages. They are all thieves. One of their peculiarities is their idea of the marriage laws. When a man gets tired of his wife he goes to another part of the mountains and takes another, and it does not seem to make any difference whether the wife he takes is married or not. While camping out with a party your correspondent met an old hunter who lived with a woman who was known to be the wife of another man. He said he left his first wife in the Sussex county, New Jersey, poor-house last spring, and that he came to Huguenot and met the woman with whom he was living. Her husband was living with a sister of the old hunter, near-by.

A little further on was found an old man living with his granddaughter, and she had a child which she claimed was his. Another man was living with his own sister. These people seem to have no fear of the law, and are densely ignorant. Their children are never sent to school, but are taken to town and taught to steal.—*Port Jervis, N. J. Cor. N. Y. World.*

Opening an Indian mound near Wheeling, W. Va., among other trinkets was found a pair of copper ear-rings, rolled or hammered into thin plates, and stamped or pressed into concave and convex ridges or rings. The rings resemble the ornaments seen in the ears of the figure cut on stone by the Maya people in Yucatan.

A Breakfast with Bennett.

Shortly after my arrival in Paris I was flattered by receiving a note from the millionaire journalist, in which he invited me to honor him by breakfasting with him in his elegant bachelor apartments. Well, I called at his elegant bachelor apartments. James Gordon Bennett was there. So was a fascinating Parisian female who had not previously been honored with my acquaintance. Decked out in my holiday attire, I presented a very pretty and fascinating spectacle, but I wasn't a bewitching Parisian female. As between the charms of my society and those of the beautiful unknown a man possessed of Mr. Bennett's fine sense of discrimination could not be expected to consume very much time in coming to a decision.

"Smith," said he, eyeing the gorgeousness of my attire with a skilled and critical eye. "I have a faint recollection of inviting you to breakfast with me this morning."

"Yes, sir," said I; "I received a note from you by the terms of which I was so honored."

"Sorry, Smith," he replied; "but I am really afraid we will have to call it dinner instead. Since penning that note the course of human events has changed. You will find my carriage at the door," Mr. Bennett continued, "the driver of which will transport you to the cafe which I frequently patronize. You will breakfast there and return here to dine with me this evening."

The glance that Mr. Bennett cast in the direction of the door at this juncture may have been purely meditative, but I deemed it prudent to go out into the hall and see what had attracted his attention. I forgot to return at that particular time.—*Ballard Smith in Detroit Times.*

A Foolish Father.

"My dear," said a rich father to his only daughter, a very fashionable girl, "you are about to be married and I want to talk to you seriously."

"Yes, papa," she said, sitting herself on his knee.

"George is a very worthy young man and abundantly able to take care of you. But this is a very uncertain world. Misfortunes may come when we least expect them, and it behooves us to be ready at all times to meet them with a brave and cheerful heart. If, through some chance, your husband should lose his fortune and be reduced to humble circumstanes, do you think you could accept the new order of things and help him as a true wife should?"

"How can you ask such a question, you foolish pa, when you know how I adore George?"

"That is all very well," the old man continued, "but could you, educated to a life of luxury, as you have been, resolutely put aside the past and devote yourself to household duties, such as cooking and mending and marketing and—and sweeping and all that sort of things?"

"What a foolish, silly pa you are, to be sure," replied the girl, playfully tapping the bald spot on his head, "and how ridiculous you talk. Why the servants would attend to all those matters."

Under the Spell of a Locomotive.

A large moose deer experienced a singular fate a few miles west of Mattawa, on the Canadian Pacific railway, Wednesday. While No. 38 mixed was coming east at a high rate of speed the driver thought that he observed through the morning mist a dark object a short distance ahead. Every effort was made to bring the train to a standstill, but without success, for the next moment the obstruction was struck and sent flying from the track. It proved to be nothing less than a large sized moose deer, which, becoming bewildered at the sight of the approaching train, was utterly powerless to move from the spot. Death must have resulted instantaneously, as its side was literally smashed to a jelly. The antlered monarch weighed 750 pounds, and is said to be one of the largest specimens of the moose killed in that locality for several years.—*Correspondence Toronto Globe.*

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as want of heart."

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime."

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.
County of Shiawassee }

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee, holden at the Probate Office, the City of Corunna, on Thursday, the 13th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

Present, A. A. Harper, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Franklin H. Child, minor On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of S. T. Headley praying that William Austin, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the estate and person of said minor.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the 8th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said minor, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate office in the City of Corunna in said county and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted

And it is Further Ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate and minor, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Times, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Shiawassee for three succesive weeks, and also by causing the same to be personally served at least fourteen days previous to said day of hearing, upon George Child if he be found in said County.

A. A. HARPER,
(A TRUE COPY) Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.
County of Shiawassee, }

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Corunna, on Monday, the 17th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

Present, A. A. Harper, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Cathrine Coffun, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Charles E. Hershey, praying among other things for the Probate of the instrument now filed in this Court purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

Thereupon it is Ordered, That Tuesday, the 16th day of December, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Corunna, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is Further Ordered, That said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Times, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Shiawassee, for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing.

A. A. HARPER, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.)

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, Seventh Judicial Circuit, In Chancery.

Nettie C. Howard, Complainant, }
vs.
George N. Howard, Defendant. }

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery, at Corunna, on the 8th day of November, A.D. 1884.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file, that the subpœna issued in this cause cannot be served on the defendant, George N. Howard, on account of his continued absence from his last place of abode which is Leslie, in the County of Ingham, in the State of Michigan; on motion of S. F. Smith, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, George N. Howard, cause his appearance to be entered herein on the 10th day of April, A.D. 1885, and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on him of a copy of said bill and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant.

And it is Further Ordered, That within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in The Times, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week, for six weeks in succession, or that she cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

FRANK H. WATSON,
Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Shiawassee County Michigan.
S. F. SMITH, Complainant's Solicitor.
Dated at Corunna, Nov. 8th, 1884.
[A True Copy].